

1848

Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother

O. R. Gross

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GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER

(BALLAD)

Words by

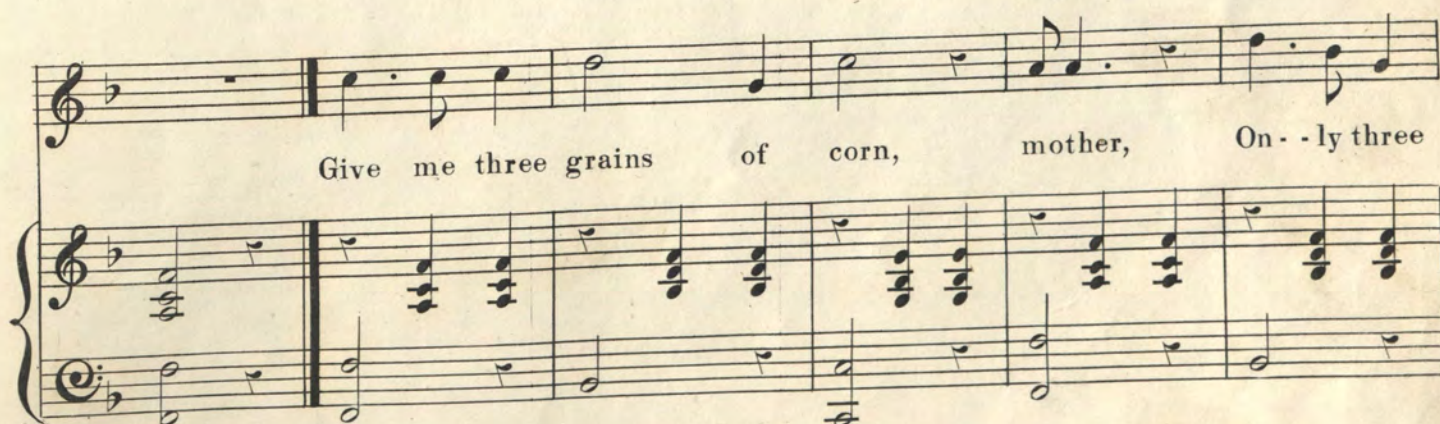
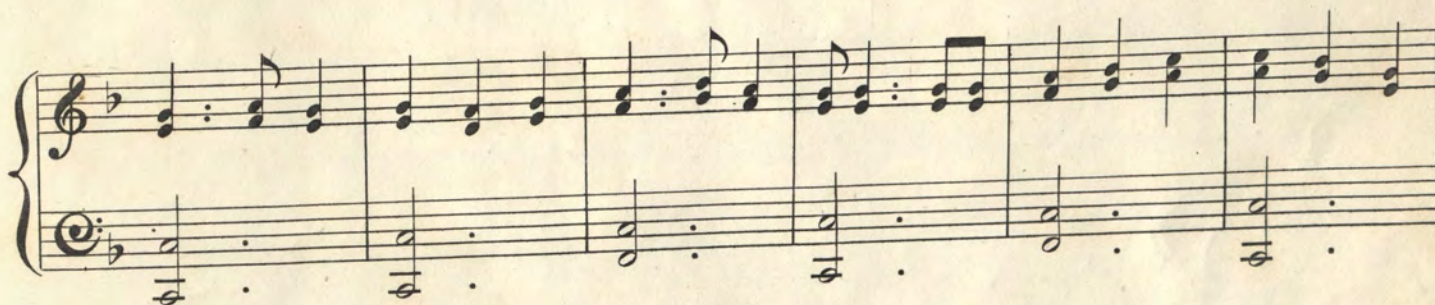
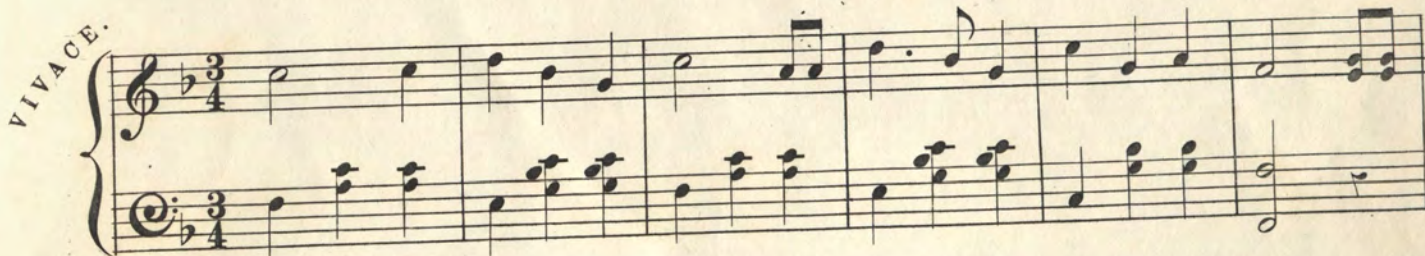
Mrs. A. M. Edmond

MUSIC BY

O. R. GROSS.

The above words were the last request of an Irish Lad to his mother; as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in the corner of his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had, the whole family were perishing from starvation.

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.



grains of corn; It will keep the little life I have Till the

com - ing of the morn. I am dy - ing of hun - ger and cold, . . .

mother, I am dy - ing of hun - ger and cold, And half the

ag - o - ny of such a death My lips have nev - er told.

1561

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother, Like a wolf that is

fierce for blood, And the live - long day, and the night be - - side,

Dolente:
Gnaw-ing for lack of food. I dreamed of bread in my sleep, . . .

Rall: *fz*
mother, And the sight was heaven to see; I woke with an

ea - - ger, famish - ing lip, But you had no bread for me.

3

How could I look to you, mother,
 How could I look to you,
 For bread to give to your starving boy,
 When you were starving too?
 For I read the famine in your cheek,
 And in your eye so wild,
 And felt it in your bony hand,
 As you laid it on your child.

4

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
 The Queen has lands and gold;
 While you are forced to your empty breast
 A skeleton babe to hold;
 A babe that is dying of want, mother,
 As I am dying now,
 With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
 And famine upon its brow.

5

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
 What has poor Ireland done,
 That the world looks on and sees us starve,
 Perishing one by one!
 Do the men of England care not, mother,
 The great men and the high,
 For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
 Whether they live or die!

6

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
 Dying of want and cold,
 While only across the channel, mother,
 Are many that roll in gold.
 There are rich and proud men there, mother,
 With wondrous wealth to view,
 And the bread they fling to the dogs to-night
 Would give me life and you.

P Flebile:

Come near - - er to my side, mother, Come near - - er to my

side, And hold me fond - - ly as you held My fath - - er

Agitato: *p*
when he died. Quick, for I can - not see you, mother, My breath is

pp
al - - - most gone; Mother! dear mother! Ere I die,

Lento:

Give me three grains of corn!

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